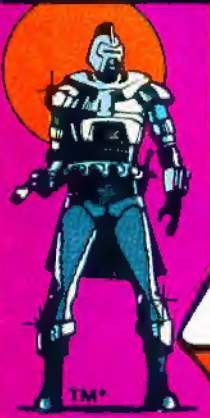


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Based on characters and concepts created by Glen Larson for the television series Battlestar Galactica.™



BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™

THIS PLANET HUNGERS...



PROBRODERICK
& RAUSTIN



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There are those who believe life here began out there, far across the universe, with tribes of humans who may have been the forefathers of the Egyptians. Or the Toltecs. Or the Mayans. Some believe there may yet be brothers of man who even now fight to survive somewhere beyond the heavens!

Stan Lee
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Battlestar GALACTICA

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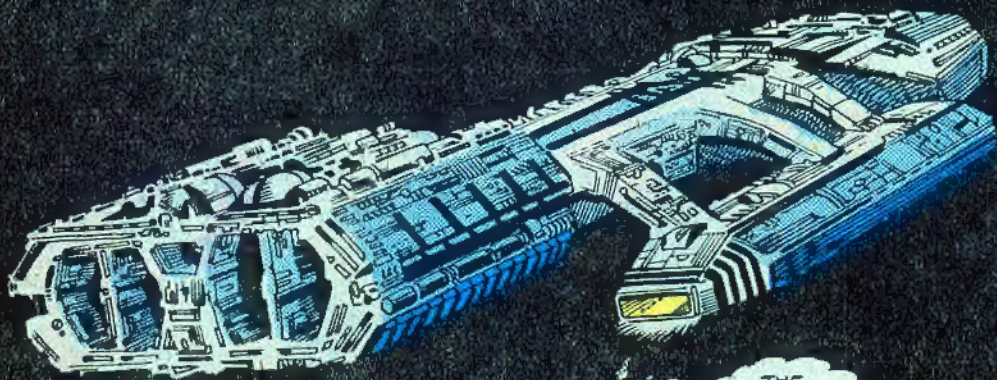
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**LUCK-- WITHOUT IT, NOTHING CAN
ENDURE THE HUNGRY MAW OF DEEP
SPACE-- OR A COSMIC VOID-- FOR
LONG!**

**WITH DARING, SKILL, KNOWLEDGE
AND TECHNOLOGY, ANYONE CAN
ATTEMPT A CROSSING OF THE
ASTRAL OCEANS. BUT, WITHOUT
A FRIENDLY SMILE FROM DAME
FORTUNE, ONE CANNOT SURVIVE.**

**LEADING STARBUCK AND ATHENA
BACK TO GALACTICA AFTER A BRIEF
SCOUTING MISSION, CAPTAIN
APOLLO IS TROUBLED BY A GRIM
REALIZATION...**



THE
FLEET'S IN
DANGER--

--AND WE MAY HAVE
ALREADY EXHAUSTED
OUR LAST RESERVE
OF LUCK!

THIS PLANET HUNGERS

BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™ is published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Published monthly. Vol. 1, No. 10, December, 1979 issue. Price 40¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate \$5.00 for 12 issues. Canada, \$6.00. Foreign, \$7.00. All business inquiries should be addressed to Ed Shukin, Director of Circulation. Copyright©1979 Universal City Studios, Inc. All rights reserved. Battlestar Galactica is a trademark of and licensed by Universal City Studios, Inc. The advertising and editorial material appearing on pages 4, 5, 8, 9, 12, 13, 18, 19, 20, 21, 24, 25, 28, 29, and 32 only, copyright©1979 Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. Printed in the U.S.A. and simultaneously published in the U.S.A. and Canada. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition.

STREAKING INTO THE LANDING BAY, THE THREE VIPERS ARE AUTOMATICALLY CLEANSED AND DECONTAMINATED BY SONIC WAVES...

BY ENTERING A STARLESS, TRACKLESS VOID, WE MANAGED TO TEMPORARILY ELUDE THE CYLONS --

-- BUT WHILE WE'VE BEEN LAID UP HERE, CONVERTING OUR SLOWER CRAFT TO LIGHT-SPEED, SHIPS HAVE BEEN MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHING FROM THE FLEET!

THEN,
THERE'S
MY FATHER...

APOLLO'S THOUGHTS ARE CUT SHORT AS HE JOCKEYS HIS SLEEK FIGHTER INTO ITS LANDING BERTH. HIS ENGINE HAS BARELY CEASED HUMMING WHEN...

WHAT'S
THE RUSH,
APOLLO?

I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER TO CHECK ON MY FATHER'S CONDITION!

BIG BROTHER,
HAVE YOU
FORGOTTEN
THAT COMMANDER
ADAMA IS ALSO
MY FATHER?
I'M COMING
ALONG!

SHORTLY...

I'M SORRY BUT
MASTER-TECH
SHADRACK HAS
BEEN UNABLE TO
REPAIR THE DAM-
AGE TO THE COM-
PUTER CONTROL
CONSOLE.

THEN, MY FATHER IS
STILL HOPELESSLY
TRAPPED IN THE
MEMORY MACHINE?

YES.

ANY ATTEMPT TO REMOVE
COMMANDER ADAMA FROM
THE MEMORY STIMULATOR--
WILL RESULT IN PERMANENT
DAMAGE TO HIS MIND!

COLONEL
TIGH, HAS
THERE
BEEN ANY
CHANGE?

WHY DID FATHER HAVE
TO ENTER THAT TERRIBLE
MACHINE? WHY?

YOU KNOW THE
REASONS, ATHENA!
WHAT CHOICE DID HE HAVE?
WHAT CHOICE DID ANY
OF US HAVE...

"THE MEMORY SIMULATOR IS OUR MOST SOPHISTICATED INTERROGATION DEVICE. BY STRIPPING A MIND BARE, IT CAN EXPOSE A MAN'S MOST PRIVATE THOUGHTS..."

"BUT THE MACHINE STIMULATES AT RANDOM. BEFORE ADAMA COULD FIND WHAT HE DESIRED, AGENTS OF SURE URI DESTROYED THE MACHINE'S CONTROL CONSOLE-- ENSNARING FATHER WITHIN HIS MEMORIES, PERHAPS FOREVER! I-- WAIT! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!"

"FATHER HOPED IT WOULD FORCE HIM TO REMEMBER THE ANCIENT WRITINGS HE MOMENTARILY SPED ON KOBOL-- HOME PLANET OF OUR RACE-- WRITINGS HE PRAYED WOULD POINT THE WAY TO EARTH..."

THE MACHINE-- IT'S INDUCING ANOTHER MEMORY!

STARBUCK, THAT ASTEROID ISN'T SCANNING PROPERLY!

AND NO WONDER! IT'S A SHIELD FOR A CYLON PATROL!

BUT... NOT A MEMORY OF KOBOL THAT'S DEEP SPACE!

HIT YOUR TURBOS AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BUT WHY, APOLLO? WE COULD USE SOME ACTION!

BESIDES, OUR INITIAL VOLLEY DESTROYED HALF OF 'EM!

WE'RE ACTUALLY SEEING FATHER'S THOUGHTS-- A VISION FROM HIS PAST!

DON'T ARGUE! THERE MUST BE A BASE SHIP IN THE VICINITY!

A VISION-- OR A NIGHTMARE?!



COMMANDER,
BLUE SQUADRON
REPORTS A
CYLON ENCOUNTER.

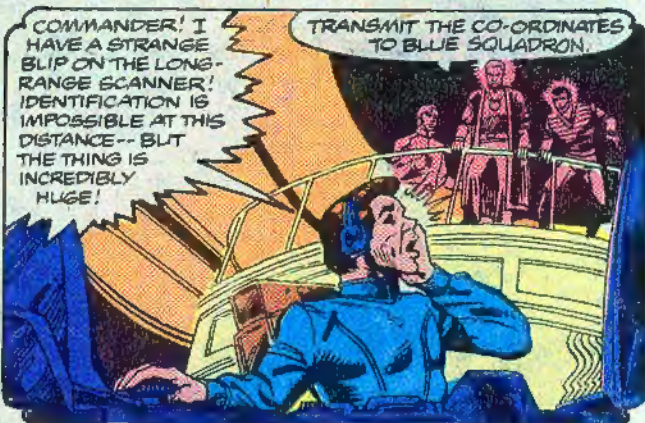
AS WE
EXPECTED,
EH, COLONEL?



YET, STRANGE REPORTS OF
UNEXPLAINABLE SIGHTINGS
HAVE BEEN FILTERING INTO THE
COLONIES FROM THIS GALACTIC
SECTOR. WELL, TIGH? DO YOU
THINK THEY'RE ALL DUE TO
INCREASED CYLON
ACTIVITY?

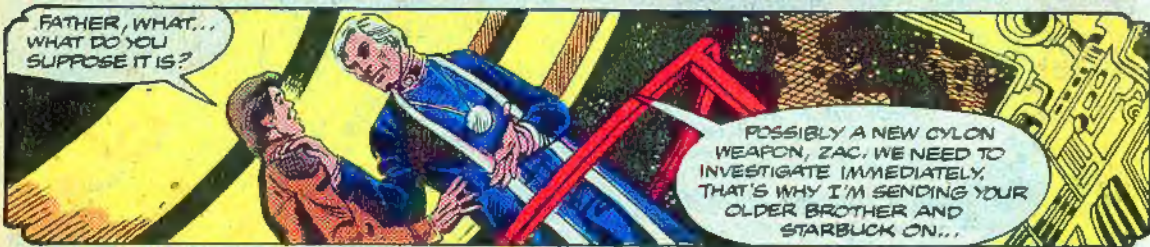
WHAT ELSE,
ADAMA? SURELY,
YOU DON'T BELIEVE
THOSE WILD TALES
OF A SPACE
MONSTER!

NO, AND
YET...



COMMANDER! I
HAVE A STRANGE
BLIP ON THE LONG-
RANGE SCANNER!
IDENTIFICATION IS
IMPOSSIBLE AT THIS
DISTANCE-- BUT
THE THING IS
INCREDIBLY
HUGE!

TRANSMIT THE CO-ORDINATES
TO BLUE SQUADRON.



FATHER, WHAT...
WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE IT IS?

POSSIBLY A NEW CYLON
WEAPON, ZAC. WE NEED TO
INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY.
THAT'S WHY I'M SENDING YOUR
OLDER BROTHER AND
STARBUCK ON...



... ANOTHER
MISSION!
FRAK!

SOMETHING
WRONG,
STARBUCK?

A VERY
WARM SPACE
SIREN AWAITS MY
FORM AT THE
OFFICERS CLUB.



RELAX. A
FEW AMBROSIAS
CAN ONLY MAKE
HER MORE
RECEPTIVE.

THIS YOU
SAY TO
A MAN IN
LOVE!



CENTONS
LATER...

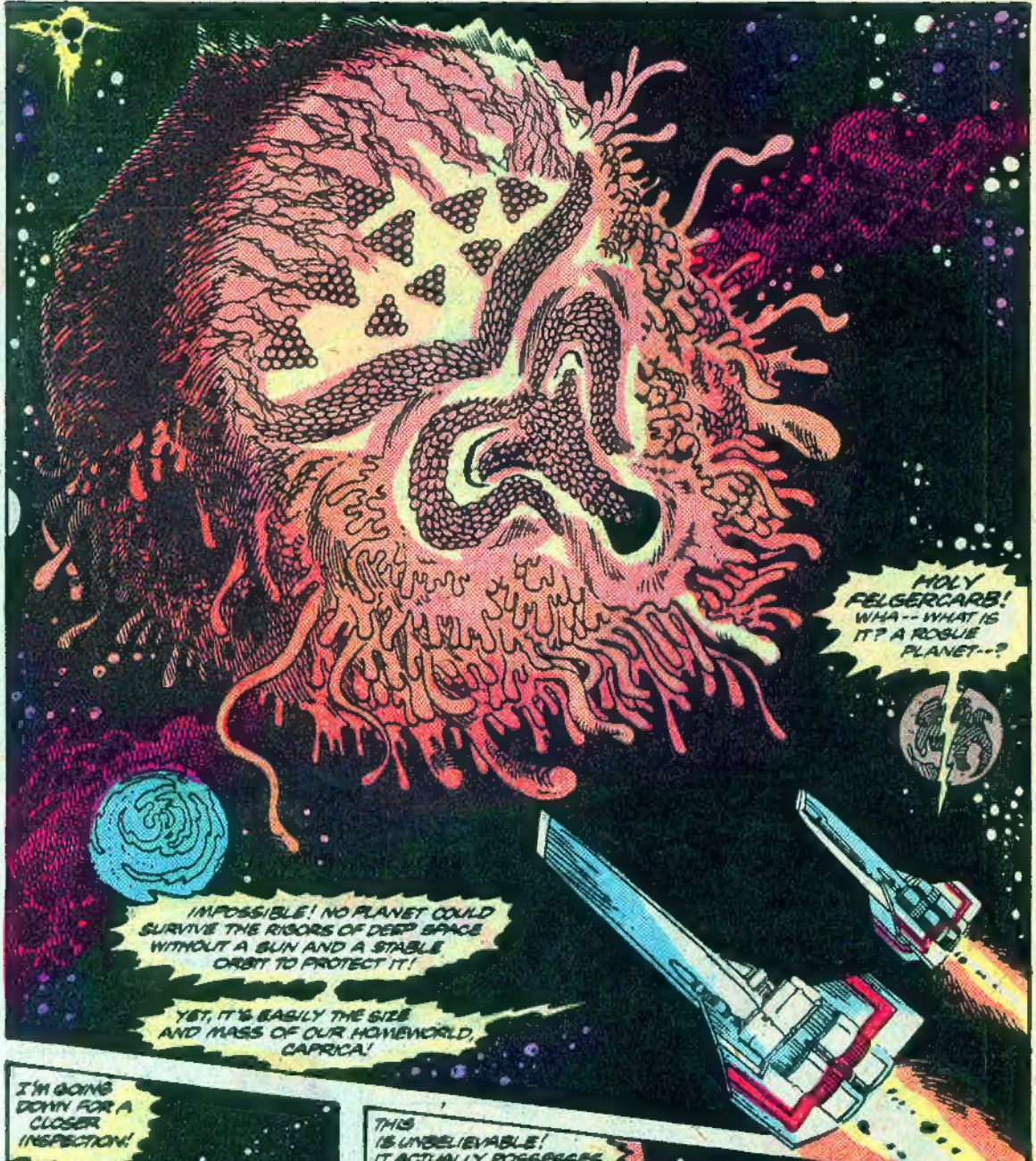
APOLLO,
SOMETHING'S
WRONG! MY
SCANNER'S
GOING CRAZY!

LT. STARBUCK



GREAT
CAPRICA!

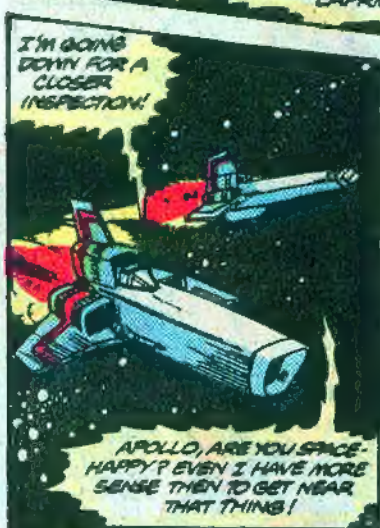
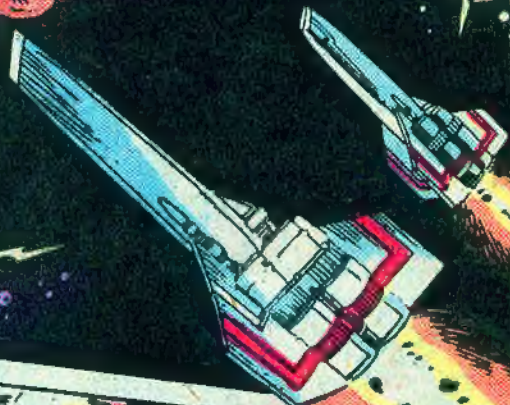
STARBUCK,
YOUR
SCANNER'S
FINE. JUST
LOOK...



HOLY FELGERCARB!
WHA--WHAT IS
IT? A ROGUE
PLANET--?

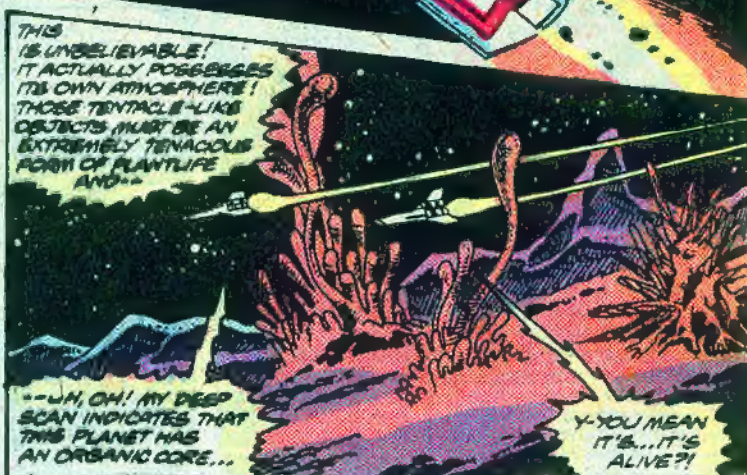
IMPOSSIBLE! NO PLANET COULD
SURVIVE THE RIGORS OF DEEP SPACE
WITHOUT A SUN AND A STABLE
ORBIT TO PROTECT IT!

YET, IT'S EASILY THE SIZE
AND MASS OF OUR HOMEWORLD,
CAPRICA!



I'M GOING
DOWN FOR A
CLOSER
INSPECTION!

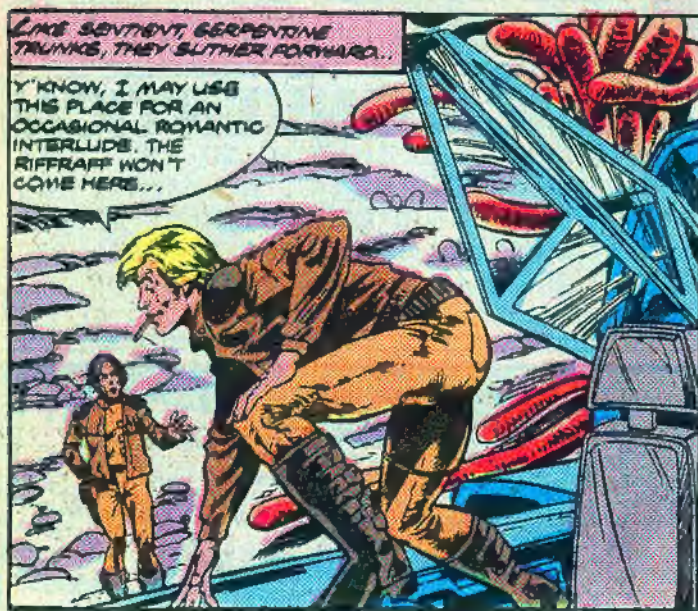
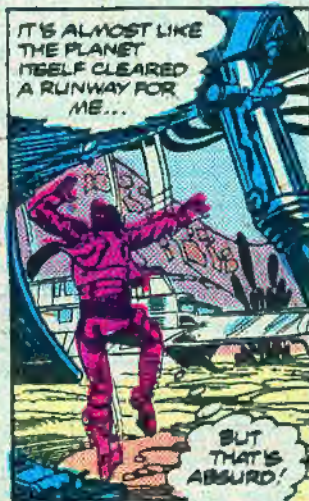
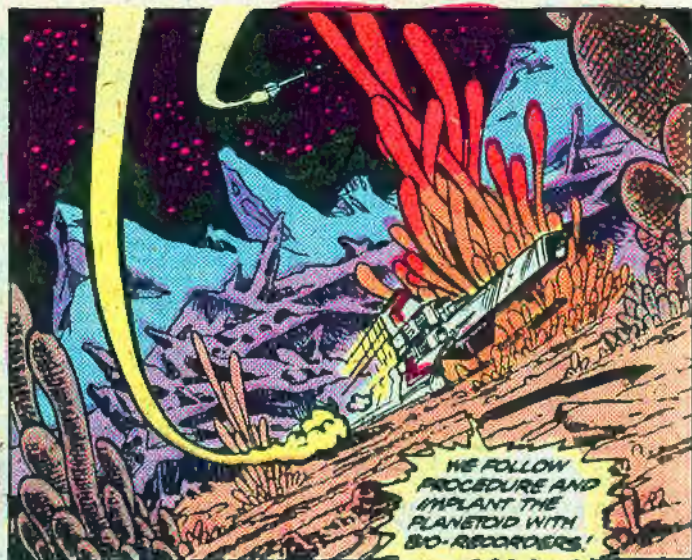
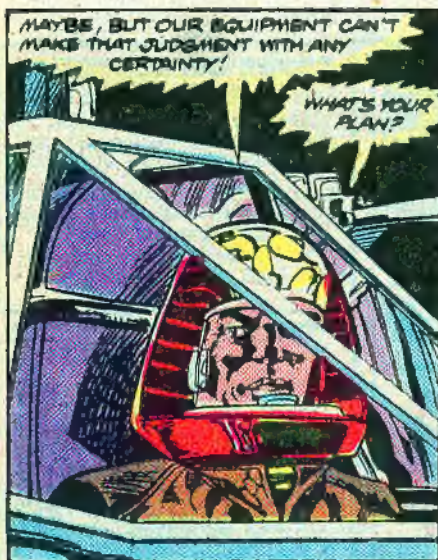
APOLLO, ARE YOU SPACE-
HAPPY? EVEN I HAVE MORE
SENSE THEN TO GET NEAR
THAT THING!



THIS
IS UNBELIEVABLE!
IT ACTUALLY POSSESSES
ITS OWN ATMOSPHERE!
THOSE TENTACLE-LIKE
OBJECTS MUST BE AN
EXTREMELY TENACIOUS
FORM OF PLANTLIFE
AND--

--UH, OH! MY DEEP
SCAN INDICATES THAT
THIS PLANET HAS
AN ORGANIC CORE...

Y-YOU MEAN
IT'S...IT'S
ALIVE?!





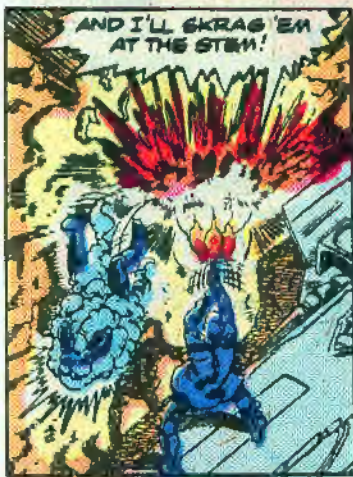
THEY'RE ATTACKING!

BEFORE APOLLO CAN REACT, HE IS COMPLETELY ENVELOPED WITHIN THE SLIMY FOLDS OF ALIEN FLESH AND...

!COUGH! !COUGH!
GAS-- I CAN'T BREATHE!



DOWN, BUDDY!
GET DOWN!



AND I'LL SKRAS 'EM AT THE STEM!



ERASE MY EARLIER COMMENTS. THE LADIES WOULDN'T APPRECIATE THIS PLACE-- TOO MUCH GROPING!



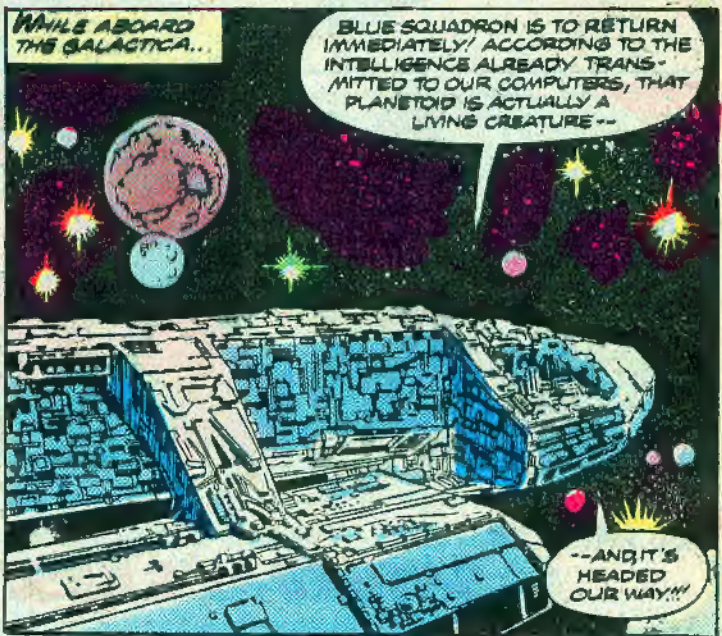
STARBUCK, I...

FORGET IT! BESIDES, IF ANYTHING HAPPENED TO YOU, I'D HAVE TO START PAYING FOR MY OWN DRINKS.

NOW LET'S PLANT THE RECORDERS--



-- AND GET THE FRAK OUT OF HERE!

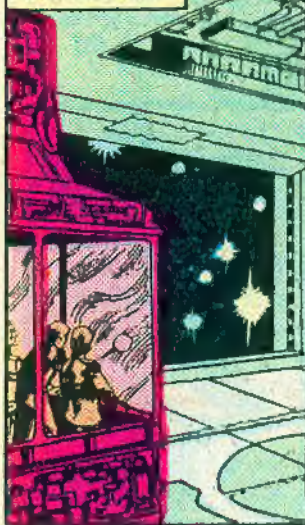


WHILE ABOARD THE GALACTICA...

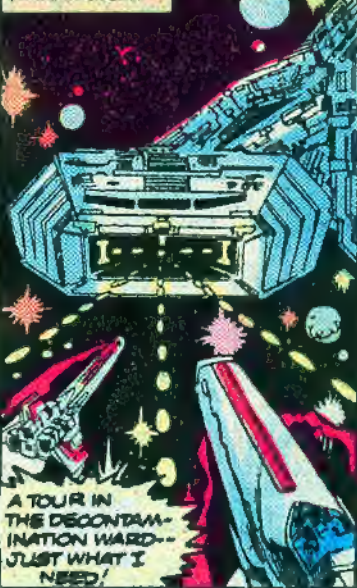
BLUE SQUADRON IS TO RETURN IMMEDIATELY! ACCORDING TO THE INTELLIGENCE ALREADY TRANSMITTED TO OUR COMPUTERS, THAT PLANETOID IS ACTUALLY A LIVING CREATURE--

--AND IT'S HEADED OUR WAY!!!

THE STARTLING NEWS GALVANIZES THE BATTLE-STAR INTO ACTION! ALL LEAVES ARE CANCELLED AS THE SHIP GOES ON A FULL ALERT...



SPECIAL PREPARATIONS ARE MADE FOR THE RETURNING WARRIORS...



A TOUR IN THE DECONTAMINATION WARD-- JUST WHAT I NEED!

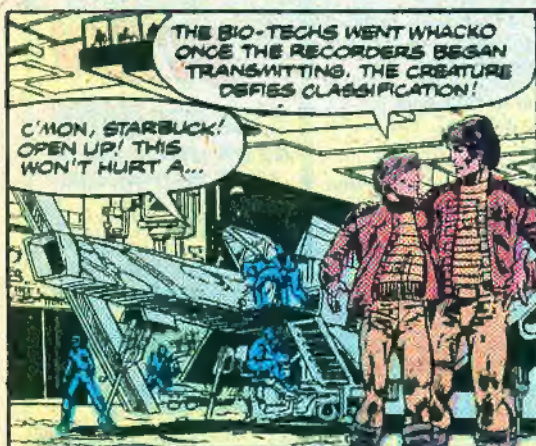
ONCE HIS VIPER IS SONICALLY STERILIZED, APOLLO IS GREETED BY A MED-TECH AND HIS BROTHER ZAC...

WE'RE ALREADY IMMUNIZED AGAINST POSSIBLE CONTAMINATION, BUT THIS INOCULATION SHOT SHOULD HOLD YOU UNTIL THE DECON CHAMBERS ARRIVE!



APOLLO, TELL ME ABOUT THAT 'PLANET'!

LATER, ZAC, AFTER DEBRIEFING.

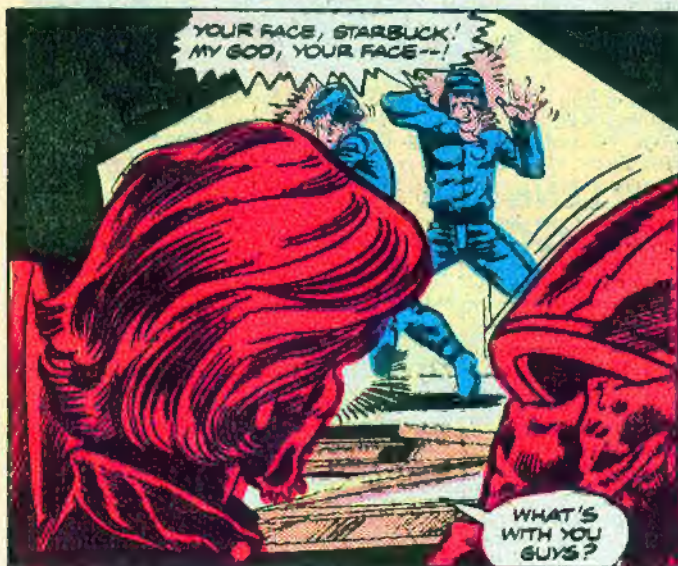


THE BIO-TECHS WENT WHACKO ONCE THE RECORDERS BEGAN TRANSMITTING. THE CREATURE DEFIES CLASSIFICATION!

C'MON, STARBUCK! OPEN UP! THIS WON'T HURT A...

II YEEEEEE!!!

THAT SCREAM! SOMETHING'S WRONG...



YOUR FACE, STARBUCK! MY GOD, YOUR FACE--!

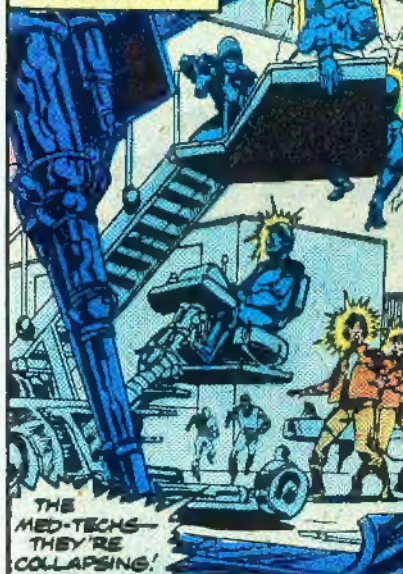
WHAT'S WITH YOU GUYS?



IS THIS A GAS?

TELL ME IT'S A GAS! PLEASE...

BUT, BEFORE
ANOTHER WORD
CAN BE UTTERED...



THE
MED-TECHS—
THEY'RE
COLLAPSING!

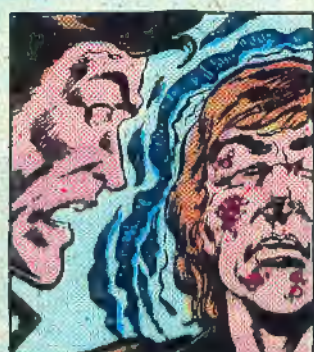
APOLLO, WHAT'S HAPPENING?
MY SKIN FEELS LIKE
IT'S AFLAME!
I--I...



ZAG--?



APOLLO LOOKS
ON IN HORROR...



... AS HE WITNESSES
HIS BROTHER'S GRISLY
TRANSFORMATION...



... HEARS THE ANGUISHED
CRIES OF HIS HIDEOUSLY
STRICKEN CREWMEN... AND,
REALIZES THAT SOMEHOW,
SOME WAY, HE'S THE CAUSE
OF IT ALL...



LATER, ON THE GALACTICA'S
BRIDGE...

ARE
YOU CERTAIN THE
CREATURE IS
VEERING TOWARD
US?

THERE CAN BE
NO DOUBT!

COMMANDER
ADAMA--!



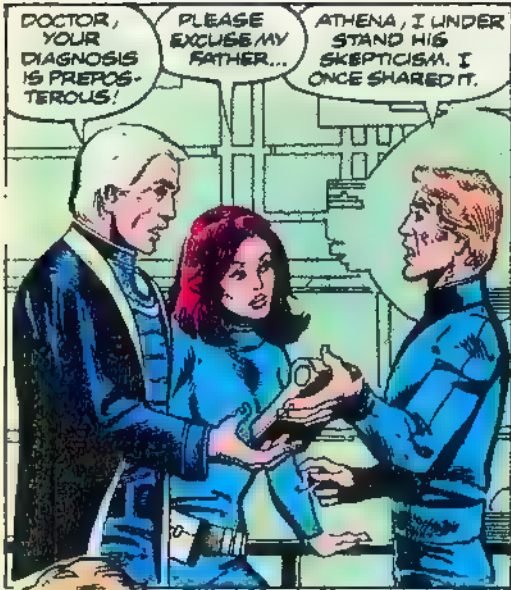
THE PLAGUE IS RAPIDLY
SPREADING THROUGHOUT
THE SHIP!

ALL
EFFORTS TO
CONTAIN IT HAVE
FAILED, AND...



...THE DISEASE APPEARS
TO BE TRANSMITTED...
TELEPATHICALLY!

WHAT--?



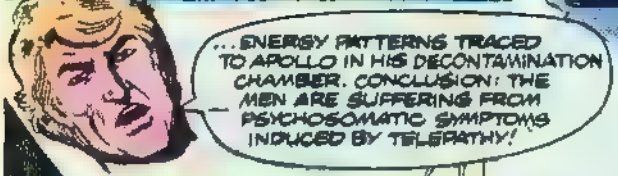
DOCTOR, YOUR DIAGNOSIS IS PREPOSTEROUS!

PLEASE EXCUSE MY FATHER...

ATHENA, I UNDERSTAND HIS SKEPTICISM. I ONCE SHARED IT.



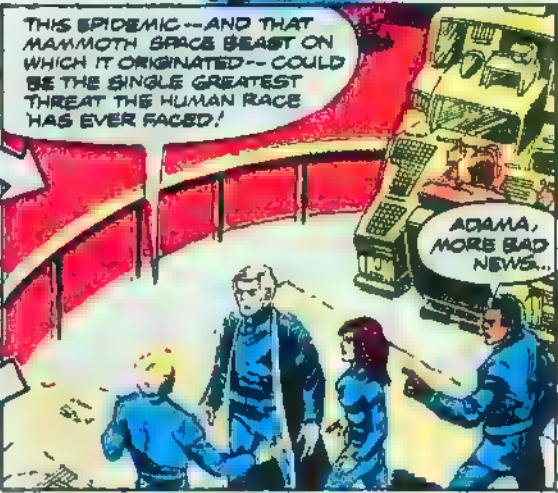
BUT, THE MED-COMPUTERS WILL BEAR ME OUT. THE AILING WARRIORS WERE THOROUGHLY TESTED FOR VIRUS INFECTIONS. ALL RESULTS WERE NEGATIVE. YET, BRAIN SCANS INDICATE HIGHLY UNUSUAL ENERGY PATTERNS...



...ENERGY PATTERNS TRACED TO APOLLO IN HIS DECONTAMINATION CHAMBER. CONCLUSION: THE MEN ARE SUFFERING FROM PSYCHOSOMATIC SYMPTOMS INDUCED BY TELEPATHY!



THIS EPIDEMIC--AND THAT MAMMOTH SPACE BEAST ON WHICH IT ORIGINATED-- COULD BE THE SINGLE GREATEST THREAT THE HUMAN RACE HAS EVER FACED!

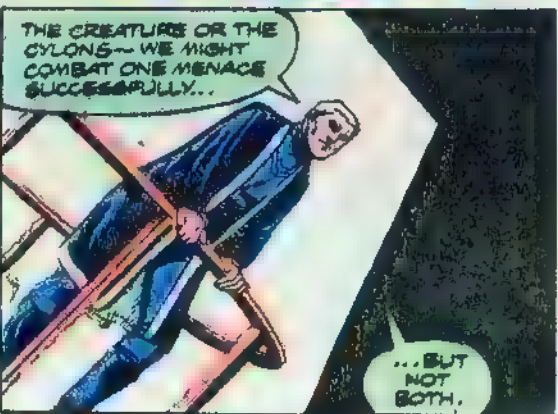


ADAMA, MORE BAD NEWS...



THE EARLIER CYLON ENCOUNTER WAS NO FLUKE. THREE BASE SHIPS HAVE JUST BEEN DETECTED. THEY'RE PURSUING US.

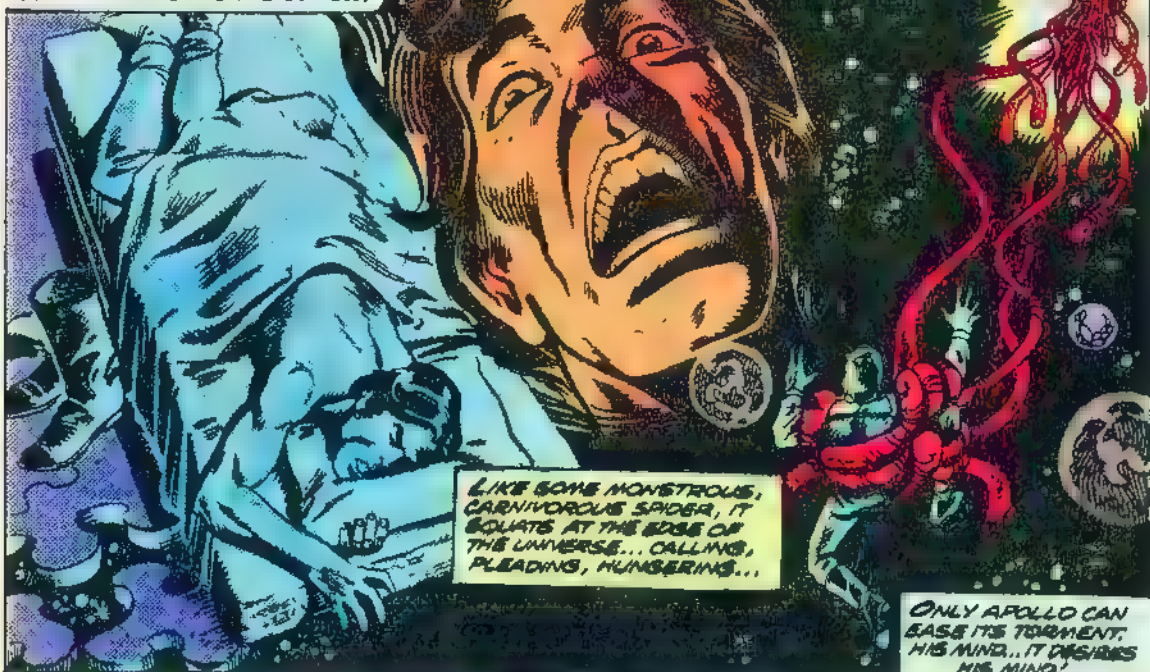
GENTLEMEN, WE FACE A DILEMMA.



THE CREATURE OR THE CYLONS-- WE MIGHT COMBAT ONE MENACE SUCCESSFULLY...

...BUT NOT BOTH.

JUST THEN, IN A CHILLED LOVELY ROOM, HIS BODY TWISTED, HIS MIND RAVAGED, APOLLO STRUGGLES. AND THE DREAMS COME...



LIKE SOME MONSTROUS, CARNIVOROUS SPIDER, IT BOLTED AT THE EDGE OF THE UNIVERSE... CALLING, PLEADING, HUNGERING...

ONLY APOLLO CAN EASE ITS TORMENT. HIS MIND... IT DESIRES HIS MIND!

WITH A GHASTLY CRY, HE IS AWAKE...



...AND HE KNOWS...



...KNOWS WHAT THE CREATURE CRAVES...



...KNOWS WHAT MUST BE DONE...



HE REACTS ACCORDINGLY...



WHILE...

THE GALACTICA WILL CHANNEL ALL ITS RESOURCES, SIPHON ALL ITS ENERGY INTO ONE FURIOUS BLAST.



WE SHALL DESTROY THAT CREATURE!

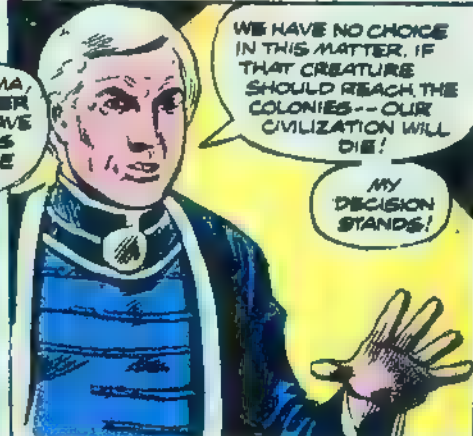
NO! WITHOUT THE BEAST, WE'VE NO HOPE OF CURING THE PLAGUE!

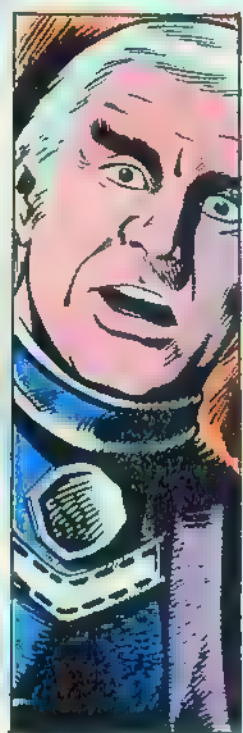
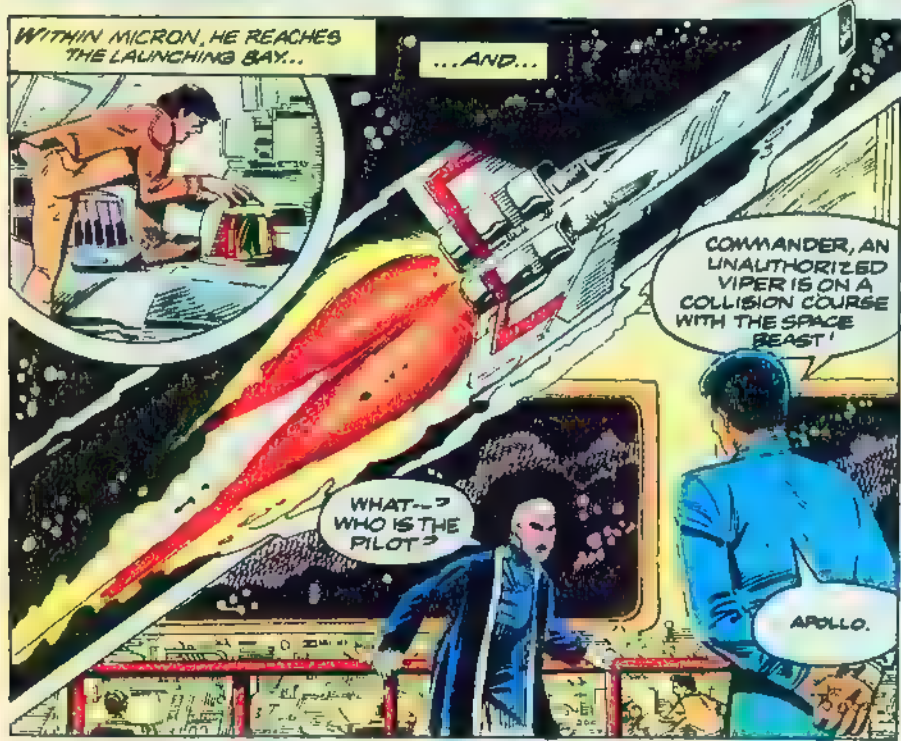
ADAMA, THE POWER DRAIN WILL LEAVE US HELPLESS BEFORE THE CYLONS!



WE HAVE NO CHOICE IN THIS MATTER. IF THAT CREATURE SHOULD REACH THE COLONIES-- OUR CIVILIZATION WILL DIE!

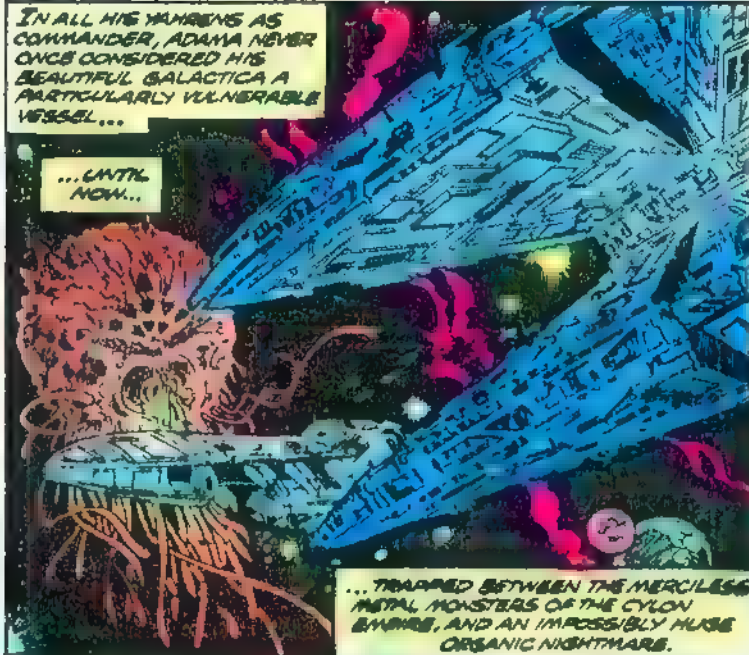
MY DECISION STANDS!





IN ALL HIS YEARS AS COMMANDER, ADAMA NEVER ONCE CONSIDERED HIS BEAUTIFUL GALACTICA A PARTICULARLY VULNERABLE VESSEL...

...UNTIL NOW...



...TRAPPED BETWEEN THE MERCILESS METAL MONSTERS OF THE CYLON EMPIRE, AND AN IMPOSSIBLY HUGE ORGANIC NIGHTMARE.

THE HUMANS HAVE IGNORED US THUS FAR. THEY SEEM INTENT ON THAT ORGANIC PLANETOID.



CENTURION, WHAT IS YOUR COMMAND?



EXTERMINATE ALL HUMANS! EXTERMINATE!

WHILE ON THE PLANETOID...



EXCELLENT! YOU HAVE RESPONDED.

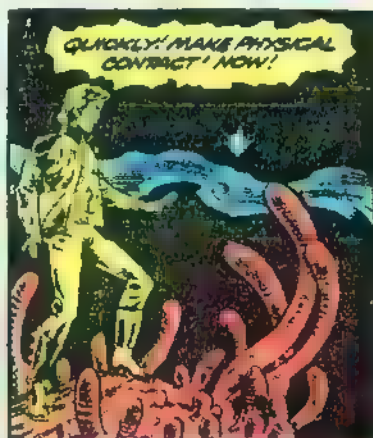
TIGH, THE CYLONS ARE LAUNCHING AN ATTACK! TAKE EVASIVE ACTION, BUT KEEP ALL COMBAT BATTERIES TRAINED ON THE CREATURE!



BUT YOUR SON, APOLLO--!

YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS, COLONEL!

QUICKLY! MAKE PHYSICAL CONTACT! NOW!



AS THE GALACTICA APPROACHES, THE PLANETOID EXTENDS LONG, SNAKING TENTACLES INTO SPACE...



THE CREATURE--IT'S ATTACKING! TIGH, TURN THE LASER CANNON ON IT! STRIKE AT ITS CORE! FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

ADAMA, SOMETHING'S WRONG! THE CANNON WON'T RESPOND TO OUR CONTROLS WE'RE ABSOLUTELY DEFENSELESS!

TENTACLES, MONSTROUS
AND DEADLY, LASH TOWARD
THE BATTLESTAR! HEART-
LESS CYLON SWARM
ABOUT HER, AND...

NONE OF OUR ARMAMENT IS
FUNCTIONING! IT'S AS IF SOMETHING...
SOME OUTSIDE FORCE... HAS RENDERED
OUR INSTRUMENTATION USELESS!

WE WON'T GO
DOWN WITHOUT
A FIGHT!

SCRAMBLE
THE VIFERS!

LIKE BLENNING ARROWS, THEY STREAK INTO THE NUMBING VOID! FOR TOO LONG THESE
YOUNG WARRIORS HAVE STOOD HELPLESS... AS THEIR COMRADES WERE RAAGED BY
DISEASE... AS THE HOLOCAUST LOOMED NEARER...

WITH LASERS BLASTING SAVAGELY, THEY
NOW GIVE VENT TO THEIR ANGER, THEIR
FRUSTRATIONS, THEIR FEAR...

WHILE THOSE LEFT
BEHIND, CAN ONLY
WATCH SILENTLY--

THE ETERNAL NIGHT IS SUDDENLY
AGLOW WITH TRANSIENT FLICKERS...
AS VIFER VIES WITH CYLON FIGHTER...
AND MANY A HUMAN WARRIOR JOINS
HIS CYLON COUNTERPART IN OBLIVION'S
EMBRACE! AND ALL THE WHILE, THE
PLANETOID'S GRASPING PSEUDOPODS
REACH OUT TOWARD THE GALACTICA...

--AND
PRAY!

CONTINUED AFTER 2ND PAGE FOLLOWING

...AND
BEYOND
IT!

MOVING AT INCREDIBLE SPEEDS, THE
MASSIVE APPENDAGES EVENARE THE
CYLON BASE BOARS WITH RAVENOUS
ANTICIPATION...

CENTURIANS,
OUR BASE
SHIP IS UNDER
ATTACK BY
AN ORGANIC
ENTITY!

EVEN NOW
WE ARE
BEING
PROPELLED
TOWARD A
SISTER
SHIP AND...

ADAMA,
WHAT--?

I-- I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
IT, EITHER!

FOR A MOMENT, THE GALACTICA
IS FILLED WITH CONFUSION AND
WONDER, AT THE DESTRUCTION
OF THE CYLON SHIPS. THEN
THE CHEERS BEGIN...

ON THE PLANETOID, SILENCE--
COLD AND UNYIELDING--
REIGNS...

THE AIRTIGHT HULL OF THE FINAL CYLON WARSHIP IS SHATTERED BENEATH AN UNYIELDING TENTACLE...

COMMANDER,
SCANNER
REPORTS NO
MORE CYLONS!

THE CREATURE-- IT SPANNED
DEEP SPACE TO DESTROY
THEM ALL! BUT HOW?

MY PHYSICAL
MANIFESTATION
IS DIMENSIONALLY
TRANSCENDENTAL!

WHAT
THE
FRAK--?

GREETINGS, I AM "HE-WHO-SEARCHES-
YET-SURVIVES"... THE PLANETOID WHOM
YOU MISTAKENLY FEARED... THOUGH OUR
ASPECTS ARE VASTLY DIFFERENT, WE
ARE BROTHERS OF THE MIND AND
SOUL... WHICH IS WHY I AIDED
YOU AGAINST THOSE METAL
ONES WHO DESIRE AN
ABSENCE OF LIFE...

"COMMUNICATION BETWEEN SPECIES AS DIVERSE
AS OURS IS DIFFICULT AT BEST... THE 'PLAGUE'
YOUR PILOTS CONTRACTED FROM ME WAS MERELY
THE FIRST STEP AT BRIDGING THE GAP... AND ITS
SYMPTOMS WILL SOON VANISH..."

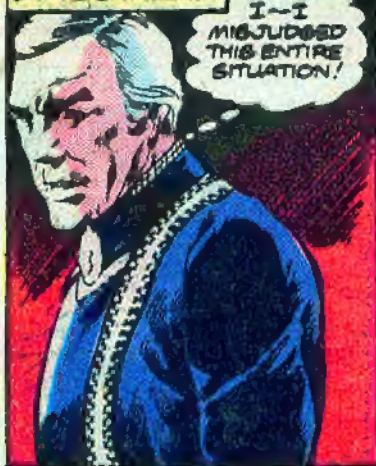
"THE 'APOLLO-ME'
IS TRANSMUTING
MY THOUGHTS TO
YOUR REALITY...
HE WILL RETURN
UNHARMED..."

"WE HAVE
MUCH TO
LEARN FROM
EACH OTHER..."

"FOR UNTOLD MILLENIA I HAVE EXPLORED
THE STELLAR SEAS ALONE... NOW I
HUNGER FOR COMPANIONSHIP... FOR
DEEP SPACE IS THE LONELIEST PLACE OF
ALL... AND YOUR PRESENCE WILL COM-
FORT ME FOR A BRIEF WHILE..."

A MAGNIFICENT FLOOD OF ALIEN KNOWLEDGE SWEEPS THROUGH THE GALACTICA BUT ON THE SAIDE...

I--I MISJUDGED THIS ENTIRE SITUATION!



MY SHIP, MY CREW-- EVERYTHING I HOLD DEAR COULD HAVE BEEN LOST AND IT'S MY FAULT...



SUDDENLY, ADAMA'S IMAGE HAZERS. IT THEN FADERS COMPLETELY...

...TO BE REPLACED BY THIS WHIRLING, EVER-CHANGING MESS OF THE MEMORY MACHINE!



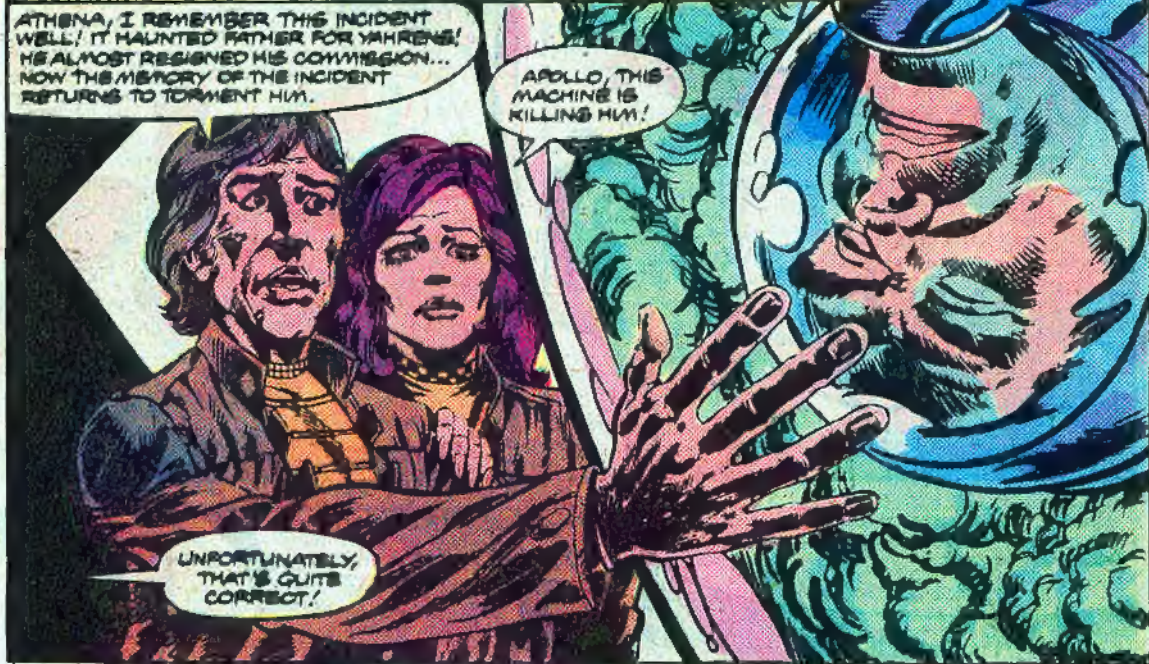
MY FAULT! MINE...

ADAMA'S JOURNEY INTO THE PAST IS OVER... FOR NOW! BUT FOR THOSE STANDING IN THE GALACTICA'S INTERROGATION ROOM, THE NIGHTMARE IS JUST BEGINNING...

ATHENA, I REMEMBER THIS INCIDENT WELL! IT HAUNTED FATHER FOR YEARS! HE ALMOST RESIGNED HIS COMMISSION... NOW THE MEMORY OF THE INCIDENT RETURNS TO TORMENT HIM.

APOLLO, THIS MACHINE IS KILLING HIM!

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT IS QUITE CORRECT!



GO ON, TECHNICIAN! TELL US MORE!

I HAVE BEEN MONITORING THE COMMANDER'S VITAL SIGNS... AND THEY'RE BEGINNING TO FAIL! WE MUST FREE HIM SOON OR...



**NEXT
ISSUE:
SCAVENGERS
WORLD!**